When on the leaves the rain insists, And every gust brings showers down; When all the woodland smokes with mists, I take the old road out of town Into the hills through which it twists.

I find the vale where vittip grows, Where boneset blooms, with witness bowed-The vale through which the red creek flows Turpid with hill washed clay and loud a some strange horn a wildman blows,

Like knots upon the gray barked trees The lichen colored moths are pressed, And, wedged in hollow blooms, the bees Seem clotted pollen; in its nest The hornet creeps and lies at ease,

The butterfly and forest bird Are huddled on the same gnarled bough From which, like some rain voweled word

That dampness hoarsely offers new, The tree toad's voice is vaguely heard. I crouch and listen, and again The woods are niled for me with forms:

Weird, elfin shapes in train on train Arise, and now I feel the arms. Around me of the wraiths of rain.

O wraiths of rain! O trailing mist! Still fold me, hold me and pursue! Still let my lips by yours be kissed! Still draw me with your hands of dew Unto the tryst, the dripping tryst!

0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0

- Madison Cawein in Atlantic.

#### WHAT MRS. JOHNNIE DID

-0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0 "Whatever you do, don't take the 12:10," Tom had said when at breakfast Mrs. Johnnie declared her intention of running up to town. "It's slow and awfully dusty and there's generally a rowdy crowd aboard. Wait for the

2:05 express."\_ But no sooner had Tom taken his departure than Mrs. Johnnie decided to do nothing of the sort. She was a bustling little body, forever on the go, and when once an idea crept into that clever little head of hers she was inclined to carry it through to a finish in her own particular way.

Consequently Mrs. Johnnie did take the 12:10 local, and within five minptes' time she was wishing devoutly that she had followed Tom's advice, for it was hot and dusty, and they were crawling along at a snail's pace, and there were some rough looking customers on board, and-well, oh, dear! After all. Tom did know what he was talking about occasionally.

At the far end of the car a young woman was sitting. She looked so young that one might almost have called her a child in spite of the fact that her pretty brown hair was twisted up on the top of her head in a vain imitation of the latest fashion and the (to Mrs. Johnnie) most atroclous fact that her cheeks were covered with rouge.

Mrs. Johnnie gathered her belongings together and set out to take possession of the seat just in front of the young girl, and then, half turning, she scrutinized the young woman at her leisure. She could do so without rudeness, for the girl was gazing out of the window, and her thoughts seemed to be far away. "It's a sweet little face," thought Mrs. Johnnie, "and I don't care if it is painted it's innocent and trustful. Her dress fits her abominably, but she has a glorious pair of eyes. She's a posttive anomaly. I'm going to introduce

The girl turned her head just at that moment, and as their eyes met both of them smiled, and each perceived for the first time that the other wore the little silver Maltese cross of the King's Daughters. They needed no introduction after that. Mrs. Johnnie moved into the seat with her, and they were soon the best of friends. It did not take Mrs. Johnnie very long to gain the particulars of her story. She had never been to the city before, she said; indeed, except for some little excursion now and then, she had never left ber bome, which was in a little village on the coast of Long Island. She was so glad to have some one to talk to, for of course she was feeling a bit lonely. Then she told Mrs. Johnnie that her name was Daisy-Daisy Hope-and that she was an orphan with just one sister. Her name was Sophie, and she was married now. They had always been the very best of friends-she and Sophie-until Dan Hackett came along. Nowadays, she added with a sigh,

Soplie had eyes for no one but Dan. "But I shan't mind it so much now," the added, suddenly brightening up again, "now that I'm going to be married too."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnnie in astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me so! When is it coming off, and what's his name?"

"Yes, we're going to be married right away-Jack and me. This isn't very much of a trousseau, is it?" she added, with an expressive gesture toward her old fashioned carpetbag and two paper parcels. "But Jack said that wouldn't matter. He could fix me up when I came to town. Lie tow my in his letter not to bring anything along; my country dresses would never /do, for . New York, he said. So I've left them all at home there, hanging up in my closetall except my hew pink one I got at Easter. It's so pretty I couldn't bear to leave that behind ... I guess it will do

for the mornings, now and then, "But wasn't it awfully good of Jack. though? He sent me this dress to wear on the way up and this diamond," pointing to a huge brooch-that sparkled "And there was a box of complexion salve he sent me too. I've put some of and feels horrid. Do all ladies paint in among whom you live."

At another time Mrs. Johnnie would present matters were taking too serious | selves, a turn. Mrs. Johnnie was beginning to wonder very much.

"But when are you to be married, my dear?" she asked hastily. "You have not answered my question yet. And what does Sophie say? For, of course,

you've told her all about it." The girl hung her head, and Mrs. Johnnie could see her blushes even in

spite of the rouge. "You see, it's this way: Jack hates a fuss and all that. He said for us to get married first and then let Sophie know. That was the hardest thing I had to do -leaving her without a word goodby. But Jack knows best, I suppose. Only I wish"-

"Excuse me, Daisy, you mustn't think me impertinent for asking all these questions, my dear. Is Jack going to meet you at the station?"

"Well, no, not exactly. He's so busy at this time of day, you know. That's one reason why he sent the dress and sings. He said in his letter that be had shown them to a lady friend of his. She's to meet me at the ferry and take charge of me till he comes."

"th! And how long did you say you

have known a-a-Jack?" The girl hung her head again. "I saw him first about six weeks ago. came down on one of the yachts. He came down twice on Sunday after that,

and he's written ever so often." Mrs. Johnnie laid her hand tenderly upon the young girl's arm. "And do you really think, my dear Daisy, that you know him well enough to marry him? Wouldn't it be wiser to wait & bit and take your sister into your confidence? Why not ask Jack to wait a year for you and then see how matters stand? He'll wait for you gladly enough if-he's really in earnest."

"Why should I keep him waiting?" she answered. "He loves me. Isn't that enough? I love and trust him entirely, and he does the same by me? Isn't that enough ?"

Mrs. Johnnie did not answer for a moment. Her lips were pressed tightly together, for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Johnnie was making up her mind to adopt a desperate measure. This car half full of men was certainly no place for a scene, and Mrs. Johnnie began to realize that if she proceeded to do her duty by this little girl a scene was bound to come. The train was just slowing up for a moment at a little wayside station.

"Well, my dear, I hope sincerely that you will find it is enough," she said. Then, springing up suddenly, she grasped the carpetbag and her own be

"Hurry up, my child!" she exclaimed. giving the girl a little push. "Here's where we change cars, you know. Come along!"

"But I thought this train"-"Now, my dear, that's just what you mustn't do. Don't think, but follow my instructions.'

Before the girl had realized what she was doing Mrs. Johnnie had bundled her out on to the station platform. The train moved slowly out. Mrs Johnnie watched it disappear with a sigh of relief, and then she turned to the bewildered girl and spoke to her

"Let us walk over to the little hotel, Daisy. We shall have to wait there half an hour. Perhaps we can secure a room there, for I want to have a little talk with you."

In speaking of it afterward Mrs. Johnnie always declared that to her the walk from the station to the hotel was by far the saddest part of all that day's ordeal. It was then that the magnitude of the work she had to do dawn ed upon her for the first time. Before they two should be standing on that platform again Jack, the young girl's idol, must be shattered and thrown from its pedestal. To Mrs. Johnnie fell the task of displaying him in his true colors, and, though it was a task which she shrank instinctively from in perspective, when the time came Mrs. Johnnie was not found wanting. She never told any one-not even Tomthe particulars of what occurred in that little room, but when the train from New York came rushing along half an hour later the semaphore was hoisted as a signal to stop and the two

women stepped silently on board. Both of them had tear stained faces, but there was no rouge on the young girl's face now. Her bair hung simply down her back, and she wore her pretty pink dress. That night, when Mrs. Johnnie reached her own home, after quite a long combat with sister Sophie, Tom was told just as many of the par-

ticulars as Mrs. Johnnie thought fit. When she had finished, he was silent for a moment or two, while he exhausted his stock of anathemas upon Jack. Then, turning his attention to the woman in the case, he exclaimed, "Well, of

all the little fools"-But Mrs. Johnnie interrupted him

"Don't call her that, dear," she added as she kissed him. "Just thank God that I took the 12:10,"

#### White Lies.

One would hardly dare to ask a friend to dine in so many words, says a writer in The Spectator, if it were not permissible for him to make the false reply that, he was sorry he was engaged and could not come.

Ordinary social intercourse, instead of becoming more direct, would have to be carried on by an elaborate system of hints; otherwise society would become, metaphorically speaking, a bear garden in which sensitive persons at her throat, but which Mrs. Johnnie's would be battered to death. It would eyes pronounced to be very bad paste. be impossible to get used to being told. "I do not like you, and your friends bore me," or "I could come quite east-It on just to please him, but I can't say | ly, but I do not care to identify myself that I like it very much. It itches so with the very second rate people

Neither could we improve matters by reversing the ordinary procedure and have burst out laughing, but just at allowing the guests to invite them-

The rebuff of being refused hospitality would be almost unbearable. .

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#### THE WILY SEA OTTER

ITS PELT IS HIGHLY PRIZED AND HARD TO OBTAIN.

The Animal Is All Eyes, Ears and Nose When Alive and All Fur When Dead-Its Capture Is Attended With Great Dangers and Hardships.

Fifty pounds sterling, or \$250, per skin is not an unusually high average price to pay for the fur of the sea otter. and at fur sales in London a much higher price has often been asked and received. Much, of course, in the matter of price depends upon the condition and size of the skin. The animal when it is alive and wearing the fur itself is from three to five feet in length from nose to tail tip, though the skin lying upon it in loose folds, the actual "pelt, is of fair size.

Ever since Bering, sailing from Russia, discovered Alaska and found its natives clad in otter skin this fur has been the prime object of the pelt hunters' désire. Sable, marten, mink and even ermine can be trapped or shot without extraordinary trouble. Seals are driven inland like fools to be slaughtered and skinned at their captors' leisure. But the sea otter must be sought diligently as the diamond, for three centuries of experience have made him

Upon the map of North America may be seen jutting from the southern corner of Alaska, which is the northwest corner of the continent, Aliaska, a peninsula, which breaks off into a chain of islands called the Aleutians. Just where the peninsula ends and the islands begin a point may be noticed marked Belkovsky.

This is the headquarters of the sea otter hunters, and between here and Chernaboor island to the south and Saanak island to the southwest the bulk of the sea otters are taken.

Thoroughly impressed with the valne of his own skin, the sea otter takes care of it by living far away from the mainland, sleeping with one eye open, upon the floating weed beds or a sea washed reef exposed to the full fury of the north Pacific.

At the slightest sign of the approach of man he dives deep, and stays below for 20 minutes at a time.

Sometimes a stray otter may be shot from the land as he plays in the surf. but the chief methods of his capture are "the surround" and clubbing. In the former case a party of Aleutian islanders are conveyed to Saanak, there to encamp for two or three months.

Woe to the hunters if the wind be off the shore, for then no fire may be lit to make the beloved tea, no pipe of tobacco smoked, or the hope of a capture would be vain. For the otter is all eyes and ears and nose when alive: all fur when dead.

Upon a calm day the hunters paddle gently over the sea in their skin canoes. keeping an eager eye upon the rolling surf for a sign of the prey. A hunter sees an otter and makes a quiet signal to his mates. Like a flash the quarry has dived. Raising his our aloft, the man who found the otte, remains as a buoy above the place of the animal's disappearance, while his mates form in a huge circle with him in the center.

In 20 minutes, at most, the otter comes up again in sight of some of the cance men. A frightful yell drives the poor brute below again before he has had time to fill his lungs. Shortly he is again seen, and the process repeated, till at length his body is so gas inflated that he cannot sink and fails a prey to the lucky hunter whose spear first pierces that too rich coat of his.

Luck varies, and the sea otter is yearly rarer and more shy, but, if for tunate, each hunter may have from two to five skins for the traders as the result of his three months' catch.

To be a successful hunter requires a Spartan scorn of comfort, huge patience, keenness of vision and readiness of resource, as well as great dexterity in the handling of a risky craft and an intimate knowledge of your quarry's habits which it requires a lifetime of observation under trying conditions to

"The surround," then, is no joke, but clubbing next door to suicide. The hunters encamped upon Saanak have been for a day or two prevented by a howling gale from doing anything save sleep or smoke. One or two of the men, knowing, seemingly by instinct, that the gale has almost blown itself out. prepare for a clubbing expedition.

Should they in the dark and turmoil miss the islands some score of miles away they are carried out into the ocean and certain death. If, on the other hand, they make their haven, they land and creep, club in hand, over the rocky coast to the ocean swelled reef where the otters sleep.

The roar of the gale drowns the sound of their approach, and the poor ofter is a mere "pelt" before he knows of his danger. Scores of otters have been killed in one night by a clubman or two. But otter clubbing is not a means of livelihood likely to become generally popular. -Chambers' Journal

Chinese Boatwomen.

The boatwomen of China have no need to agitate for women's rightsthey possess them. The boatwoman, whether she be a single woman or a wife or a widow, is the head of the house—that is to say, of the boat. If she is married, the husband takes the useful but subordinate place of deckhand or how carsman. She does the steering, makes bargains with the passengers, collects the money, buys supplies, and in general lords it over everything. - Keystone.

Ivory billiard balls, freshly turned, have to be treated very carefully, as a sudden change in temperature may cause them to crack. To prevent this they require to be placed for at least three months in a warm room in order to shrink them gradually and dry true before they are finished and polished.

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